



The arrival



magic battle

👁 28 ✓ 1 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by Frank

When I saw their black banner, I knew we were all doomed. The measly army that I had managed to conjure was a feat in itself. An old man still in pyjamas wielding a blade looking only to himself as almighty. After all, a stick in the desert may have been rear, but it seemed so brittle it might not even injure Achilles in his heel. Of course, after the first candidate, many flocked over. Though only one seemed to realise the danger, which was a good thing as he ran away at the sight of it. I raised my hopes for the first time since the arrival of Lord Hastengale and his army of vultures, preying on small, stranded towns like mine as soon as their finest had left to attack the shadow armies sprouting everywhere. I knew that they were only a diversion so that the actual army could remove all the minor towns still in favour of our wreck of a king, Gordon the eleventh. Sadly I could only keep my thoughts to myself about how we should have left Gordon's rule years ago and how recently, the shadow armies were just an diversion.

But who would listen to the old, stooped master of arms?

Chapter 2 by Frank



And still as I watched my men the flames on our banners blazed in the heat. Even if we had managed to

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overwhelming numbers and the sheer size of the army, it was still not enough to stop the shadow armies from coming together enough to then take us down. With no emotion, empathy or compassion, the shadow armies had no feelings.

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And so I ran.

Over the hills.

Over the rivers

Under the beasts.

Like a coward.

In twenty seconds, I was away to where I could find the only person who I could trust to keep a calm head and the only person who ever defeated me when I was in my prime. The only person not assassinated who I could rely on Master of arms Logan.

And as he opened his door, he poked his head out and said his unnaturally childish voice he said "Hello there Galador, finally ready to become a mage?

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And as I bled to death, I hoped my soul would aid someone. Someone with a brave spirit. Someone like you

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